

face to face had met a personal God, he was Israel, for he met God and prevailed. Henceforth it mattered not where his steps were here bent; a pilgrim and a stranger, he looked for a better country, that is, an heavenly,—

"There was his house and portion fair;  
His treasure and his heart were *there*,  
And his abiding home."

And in that hope, the soul's anchor, he blessed the sons of Joseph, gave to all his children his parting blessing, gathered up his feet into the bed, and departed to find his home in the city of the foundation, whose builder and maker is God.

Jacob's faith comes, therefore, before us as a salvation worked out with fear and sorrow and trembling (Isaiah xlviii. 8):—"A transgressor from the womb." And Isa. xliii. 27—"Thy first father hath sinned." Deut. xxvi. 5—"A Syrian ready to perish was my father," became constant mementoes of the hard nature that had to be subdued ere Jacob could become the Israel of blessing and of faith. Yet all evil *can* be subdued, the living hope bestowed, the assurance of things hoped for given, if we, too, meet the hosts of God, and wrestle with the secret one.

"Come, O thou Traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold but cannot see!  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with Thee.  
With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day."

"Yield to me now, for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair.  
Speak to my heart, in blessing speak;  
Be conquered by my instant prayer.  
Speak! or Thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me if Thy name be Love!"

"My prayer hath power with God; the grace  
Unspeaking I now receive;  
Through faith I see thee face to face—  
I see thee face to face and live!  
In vain I have not wept and strove—  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love."

How mellowed and truthful the closing experiences of that disciplined life. "And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou? And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage. And Jacob blessed Pharaoh, and went out from before Pharaoh."—"And he blessed Joseph, and said, God, before whom my fathers

Abraham and Isaac did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads; and let my name be named on them, and the name of my fathers Abraham and Isaac; and let them grow into a multitude in the midst of the earth." "All these are the twelve tribes of Israel: and this is it that their father spake unto them, and blessed them; every one according to his blessing he blessed them. And he charged them, and said unto them, I am to be gathered unto my people: bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite, in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre, in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite for a possession of a buryingplace. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah. The purchase of the field and of the cave that is therein was from the children of Heth. And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people."

One can scarcely add a word to these simple yet exceedingly suggestive lines.

Jacob's character cannot be called exalted, noble, fit for high purposes. The strongly-marked lines of faithful Abraham are but faintly traced on the children in the line of promise; indeed, upon the whole, we may be inclined to view Jacob as neither amiable, as Isaac, nor great, as Abraham. He was weak in purpose, manifesting the craft of weakness without the manly qualities which dashed Esau's character; yet it is before us the character of a man that grace can fashion—"the worm Jacob" made the prince "Israel;" a man crafty and selfish by nature, even covetous for gain, a patriarch of promise, a plain man dwelling in tents and looking away from earth's possessions, which erewhile had such temptations, to the home in the heavenlies whither earth's pilgrimage leads. Thus this varied, chequered, troubled history has for the consciously selfish ones instruction—yea, comfort to any sorely exercised soul. Weak in himself, suffering from others, only as years roll on purged from the old leaven, dying at last a weary but hopeful pilgrim full of years, we may be strengthened as we too follow our